

*Gary Mills*

## Drink with the Ball Turret Gunner

Wracked, short and thin, outcast of no corporate wealth,  
I drink with the ball turret gunner. What else but to his health?  
He leans confidently on the counter: Coffin for beer-splintered glass.  
I drink to you, ball turret gunner. What else but to the last?

Consuming dram air and elixirs he swiftly swivels to-and-fro.  
I wait with the ball turret gunner, scanning silently we aching know,  
engaged in spent-link conversation, a skill triggered by fright.  
I weep with the ball turret gunner, covenant anointing our flight.

Time for the call, turret gunner, reluctance chemically in check.  
Listen by the numbers, turret gunner: Static, muffles, regret.  
To sup this evil communion, a map of life fit for none,  
I've seen my gunner possum, his name and fate well wrung.

Ascension! Angelic departure, hellishly divine last scene.  
Pray all turret gunners: comfort for you from this planet's poison dreams.  
I drink to the ball turret gunner: DRINK Drink drink till i forget.

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